

## THE QUIET HOUR.

Thou knowest all our trials, Lord,  
Each sin and need and grief,  
And Thou hast promised in Thy Word  
Sometime to send relief.  
But Thou hast set a task for each,  
As soldiers in a war,  
Who storm some point, the height to reach,  
Through battles' thunderous roar.

Help us, for we are faint indeed!  
Our little strength increase;  
With manna true our spirits feed,  
And bid our fears to cease.  
From Thy great white throne far above  
Thou dost our conflicts see;  
O God of power, Thou God of love,  
Our Friend and Helper be.

Let purity and truth be ours  
While here we dwell below,  
Accept and consecrate our powers,  
Make every virtue grow.  
Lead Thou through each perplexing strife,  
Be with us all the way,  
Lift up our hearts from death to life,  
Crown Thou each passing day.

Oh, when our hope is burning low,  
Its oil is well-nigh spent,  
As up the rugged path we go—  
The rocky, steep ascent—  
Be Thine the voice resounding clear  
With victory's thrilling ring,  
To tell Thy people Thou art near  
The needed aid to bring!

—Anna M. Woodfin, in Union Signal.



## CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

No time need be wasted in telling the effect of this "assignment to quarters." Proliferate a source of squabble as is the custom ashore it becomes intensified afloat, and when coupled with it came a shaking up and rearrangement of seats at table, all hope of harmony vanished on the instant. The two brave young army girls still retained their seats at the captain's table; but two most estimable young women, Red Cross nurses, were dropped therefrom and transferred to that of the second officer on the port side, much to the comfort of a rather large percentage of their sisterhood who had regarded their previous elevation with feelings of not unmixed gratification. Then officers who had been seated with the general's staff had to vacate in favor of Mrs. Frank and Dr. Prober and Lieut. Billy Gray, whose father and the chief were long-time chums, and the Red Cross nurses who had been at the first officer's table fell back to that of the third. It was every bit as good as the other, but it didn't sound so, and they couldn't see it; and there were faces sour as the product of the ship's baker when that evening all hands went down to dinner, and the silence maintained, or the ominously subdued tone of the talk, at the other tables was in marked contrast with the hilarity that prevailed where sat the gray-haired, ruddy-cheeked old chief and the laughing coterie that listened to the fun that fell from the lips of Witchee Garrison, Armstrong, silent and somber, at the captain's right, looking forward from time to time, saw only one face at the general's table that was not lighted up with merriment; it was the face of the boy he envied, if envy of this kind ever entered into his heart, and he wondered as he looked at Billy's curly head what could have come over that glad young life to leave so deep a shadow on his handsome face.

One night, just one week later, Armstrong's eyes were opened. More than once in the meanwhile he had invited the young officer's confidence, and Billy, who three months earlier had been all gratitude and frankness, protested there was nothing on his mind. He had been very ill, that was all. As to Canker's charges they were simply rot. He hadn't the faintest inkling what had become of the purloined letters any more than he had of the whereabouts of his Delta Sig friend, young Morton, now officially proclaimed a deserter. But Armstrong heard more tales of Witchee's devotion to him in his illness, and the slow convalescence that ensued, noted how the boy's eyes followed her about the deck, and how many a time he would seek her side, even when other men were reading, walking or chatting with her. Armstrong looked with wonderment that was close allied to incredulity and pain. Was it possible that this blithe lad, who had won such a warm interest in the heart of such a girl as Amy Lawrence, could be forgetful of her, faithless to her, and fascinated now by this selfish and shallow butterfly? It was incredible!

But wasn't it? The days had grown hotter, the nights closer, and the air between decks was stifling when the sea rolled high and closed the ports. Officers had taken to snoozing on deck in stateroom chairs. By an unwritten law the port side of the promenade deck was given up to them after 11 at night; but the women folk had the run of the starboard side at any hour when the crew were not washing down decks. Armstrong had been far forward about two o'clock one breathless night to see for himself the condition of things in the hospital under the forecastle. The main deck was crowded with sleeping forms of soldiers who found it impossible to stand the heat below; so on his return, instead of continuing along the gangway, he decided to climb the iron ladder from the main to the promenade deck. It would land him at the forward end of the starboard side. There he would smoke a cigar in peace and quiet. It was high time everybody was asleep.

But as his head and eyes reached the level of the deck he became suddenly aware of a couple huddled close together in the shelter of a canvas screen, and under the steps leading

voice at once, and Gray was pleading. He knew her tones of old, and she was imperative, and listening with obvious impatience, for almost at the instant of his arrival she spoke, low, yet distinctly: "Do as I say; do as I beg you when we reach Manila, and then come—and see how I can reward."

## CHAPTER XV.

Manila at last! Queen city of the archipelago, and Manila again besieged! The loveliest of the winter months was come. The Luneta and the Paseo de Santa Lucia, close to the sparkling waters, were gay every evening with the music of the regimental bands and thronged with the carriages of old-time residents and their new and not too welcome visitors. Spanish dames and damsels, invisible at other hours, drove or strolled along the roadway to enjoy the cool breezes that swept in from the beautiful bay and take sweetest peeps at the dainty toilets of the American belles now arriving by every boat from Hong-Kong. All the Castilian disdain they might look and possibly feel toward the soldiery of Uncle Sam gave place to liveliest interest and curiosity when the wives and daughters of his soldiers appeared upon the scene; and there was one carriage about which, whenever it stopped, a little swarm of officers gathered and toward which at any time all eyes were directed—that of the White Sisters. Within the old walled city and in the crowded districts of Bimondo, Quilapo and San Miguel north of the Pasig, and again in Paco and Ermita to the south, strong regiments were stationed in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predicted by the bureau of military intelligence. In a great semicircle of over 20 miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the two divisions kept watchful eyes upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguinaldo and his cabinet at Malolos to the north had all but declared war upon the obstinate possessors of the city and had utterly forbidden their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broader fields and roads and villages without. Still hugging to its breast the delusion that a semi-Malaysian race could be appeased by show of philanthropy, the government at Washington decreed that, despite their throwing up earthworks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privileges denied by them to American troops were by the American troops accorded to them. Coming and going at will through our lines, they studied our force, our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods; and long before the Christmas bells had changed their greeting to that universal feast day, and the boom of cannon ushered in the new year, all doubt of the hostile sentiments of the insurgent leaders had vanished. Already there had been ominous clashes at the front; and with every day the demeanor of the Philippine officers and men became more and more insolent and defiant. Ceaseless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States, nearly all stalwart volunteers from the far west, and while officers of the staff and of the half-dozen regiments quartered within the city were privileged each day to stroll or drive upon the Luneta, there were others that never knew an hour away from the line of the outposts and their supports. Such was the case with Stewart's regiment far out toward the waterworks at the east. Such was the case with the Primeval Dudes on the other side of the Pasig, lining the banks of the crooked estuary that formed the Rubicon were forbidden to cross. Such was the case with Canker and the—teenth in the dense bamboo thicket to the south, and so it happened that at first Armstrong and Billy Gray saw nothing of each other, and but little of the White Sisters, probably a fortunate thing for all.

Ever since that memorable night on the Queen of the Fleet, Gray had studiously avoided his whilom friend and counselor, while the latter's equally studious avoidance of Mrs. Garrison had become observed throughout the ship. The dominion and power of that little lady had been of brief duration, as was to be expected in the case of a woman who had secured for her undivided use the best, the airiest and by far the largest room on the steamer—a cabin de luxe indeed, that for a week's voyage on an Atlantic liner would have cost a small fortune, while here for a sea sojourn of more than double the time under tropic skies, and while other and worthier women were sweltering three in a stuffy box below, it had cost but a smile. The captain had repented him of his magnanimity before the lights of Honolulu faded out astern. The general began to realize that he had been made a cat's-paw of and, his amour propre being wounded, he had essayed for a day or two majestic dignity of mien that became comical when complicated with the qualms of seasickness. There was even noticeable aversion on part of some of the officers of the Dudes who, having made the journey from "the bay" to Honolulu with the women passengers, army wives and Red Cross nurses, naturally became the recipients of the views entertained by these ladies. Quick to see if slow to seem to see, Mrs. Frank has lost no time in begging one of the young soldier wives to share her big stateroom and broad and comfortable bed, and the lady preferred the heat and discomfort between decks to separation from her friend. Then Mrs. Garrison tendered both the run of her cabin during the day and evening; suggested, indeed, that on hot nights they come and sleep there, one on the bed and one on the couch; and they thanked her, but—never came. She coddled the general with cool champagne cup when he was in the throes of mal de mer, and held him prisoner with her vivacious chatter when he was well enough to care to talk. But, after all, her most

serious trouble seemed to consist in keeping Billy Gray at respectful distance. He sought her side day after day, to Armstrong's mild amazement, as has been said; and when he could not be with her was moody, even fierce and ugly tempered—his whose disposition had been the sunniest in all that gray, shivery, dripping sojourn at the San Francisco camp.

But once fairly settled in Manila, the White Sisters seemed to regain all the old ascendancy. Col. Frost had taken a big, cool, roomy house, surrounded by spacious grounds, down in Malate and close to the plashing waters of the bay. Duties kept him early and late at his office in the walled city; but every evening, after the drive and dinner, callers came thronging in, and all Witchee's witcheries were called into play to charm them into blindness and to cover Nita's fitful and nervous moods, now almost painfully apparent. Frost's face was at times a thundercloud, and army circles within the outer circle of Manila saw plainly that all was not harmony betwixt that veteran Benedict and that fragile, fluttering, baby wife. The bloom of Nita's beauty was gone. She looked wan, white, even haggard. She had refused to leave Hong-Kong or come to Manila until Margaret's arrival, then flew to the shelter of that sisterly wing. Frank Garrison had been occupying a room under the same roof with his general, but both general and aide-de-camp were now much afield, and Frank spent far more days and nights along the line of block-houses than he did at home. The coming of his wife was unannounced and utterly unexpected. "Did I consult my husband?" she exclaimed in surprise, when asked the question one day by the wife of a veteran field officer. "Merciful heaven, Mrs. Lenox, there was no time for that except by cable, and at four dollars a word. No! If any doubt of what Frank Garrison will say or do exists in my mind I go and do the thing at once, then the doubt is settled. If he approve, well and good; if he doesn't—well, then I've had my fun anyway."

But it made little difference what Frank Garrison might think, say or do when Nita's need came in question. It was for Nita that Margaret Garrison so suddenly quitted the Presidio and hastened to Hawaii. It was for her sake, to be her counsel and protection, the elder sister had braved refusal, difficulties, criticism, even Armstrong's open suspicion and dislike, to take that long voyage to a hostile clime. That she braved, too, her husband's displeasure was not a matter of sufficient weight to merit consideration. She was there to help Nita; and until that hapless child were freed from a peril that, ever threatening, seemed sapping her very life, Margaret Garrison meant to stay.

For the letter that came by way of



He knew Gray's voice at once.

Honolulu had told the elder sister of increasing jealousy and suspicion on the colonel's part, of his dreadful rage at Yokohama on learning that even there—the very hour of their arrival—when the consul came aboard with a batch of letters in his hand, he had one for Mrs. Frost. She had barely glanced at its contents before she was stricken with a fit of trembling, tore it in half, and tossed the fragments on the swift ebbing tide, then rushed to her stateroom. There she added a postscript to the long letter penned to Margaret on the voyage; and the purser, not her husband, saw it safely started on the Gaelic, leaving for San Francisco via Honolulu that very day. That letter beat the ordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, even as the Gaelic came steaming in the coral-guarded harbor, and a little packet was tossed aboard the new troop ship as she sped away, one missive in it telling Witchee Garrison that the man whose life had been wrecked by her sister's enforced desertion was already in Manila awaiting her coming, and telling her, moreover, that the packet placed in Gen. Drayton's hands contained only her earlier letters. In his reckless wrath Latrobe had told her that those which bound her to him by the most solemn pledges, those that vowed undying love and devotion, were still in his hands, and that she should see him and them when at last she reached Manila.

Three mortal weeks had the sisters been there together, and never once in that time did Nita venture forth except when under the escort of her black-browed husband or the protection of her smiling, witching, yet vigilant Margaret. Never once had their house been approached by anyone who bore resemblance to the dreaded lover. All along the Calle Real, where were the quarters of many officers, little guards of regulars were stationed; for black rumors of Filipino uprising came with every few days, and some men's hearts were failing them for fear when they thought of the paucity of their numbers as compared with the thousands of fanatical natives to whom the taking of human life was of less account than the loss of a game chicken, and in whose sight assassination was a virtue where it rid one of a foe. Already

many officers who had weakly yielded to the importunity of a devoted wife were cursing the folly that led him to let her join him. The outbreak was imminent. Anyone could see the war was sure to come—even those who strove to banish alarm and reassure an anxious nation. And when the call to arms should sound, duty, honor and law would demand each soldier's instant answer on the battle line; then who was to care for the women? The very servants in each household, it was known, were in most cases regularly enrolled in the insurgent army. The crowded districts in the city, the nipa huts surrounding the wealthy homes in the suburbs swarmed with Filipino soldiery in the garb of peace. Arms and ammunition, both, were stored in the great stone churches. Knives, bolos and pistols were hidden in every house. Through the clergy, in some instances, and foreign residents in others, the statement was set afloat that every American officer's residence was mapped and marked, that the Tagals were told off by name—so many for each house in proportion to the number of American inmates—and day after day, awaiting the signal for their bloody work, were native devotees greeted with servile bows and studied the habits of the officers they were designated to fall upon in their sleep and slay without mercy. Even women and children were not to be spared; and many a woman, hearing this gruesome story, trembled in her terror. For a time, in dread of this new peril, Nita Frost almost forgot the other; but not so Margaret. She scoffed and scouted the rumor of Filipino outbreak. She laughed at Frost, who all too evidently believed in it and was in hourly trepidation. He begged that the guard at his quarters might be doubled, and was totally unnerved when told it might even have to be reduced. Not so Mrs. Frank. She made friends with the stalwart sergeant commanding; always had hot coffee and sandwiches ready for the midnight relief; made it a point to learn the name of each successive non-commissioned officer in charge, and had a winsome smile and word for the sentries as she passed. It wasn't Filipino aggression that she feared. The men wondered why she should so urgently bid them see that no strangers—Americans—were allowed within the massive gates. There were tramps, even in Manila, she said. When the sisters drove, their natty little Filipino team flashed through the lanes and streets at top speed, the springy victoria bounding at their heels to the imminent peril of the coked hats of the dusky coach and footman, if not even to the seats of those trim, white-coated, big-buttoned, top-booted, impassive little Spanish-bred servants. The carriage stopped only at certain designated points, and only then when a group of officers stood ready to greet them. Not once had they been menaced by anyone nor approached by any man even faintly resembling poor Latrobe; and Witchee Garrison was beginning to take heart and look upon that threatening letter as a mad piece of "bluff," when one day the unexpected happened.

[To Be Continued.]

## HUNTING IN CUBA.

Many Domestic Animals Have Run Wild and Now Afford Excellent Sport.

In eastern Cuba Weyler's campaigns of extermination have led to an unexpected result—a decided and probably permanent improvement of the local hunting grounds. Thousands of stamped pigs, goats and chickens have taken refuge in the Sierras and become self-supporting enough to defy recapture. Practice has also improved their speed. Barnyard fowl have turned into wood birds and pass the night in almost inaccessible roosts—the top branches of tall forest trees, shrouded by a mantle of tangled vines. The Spanish settlers who imported pigs from Andalusia and Aragon would not recognize their descendants in the jungles of the Sierra de Cobre. Ordinary hunting dogs can hardly venture to encounter the fierce boars that rush at every intruder of their lairs and stand at bay until their female relatives have scented into pathless thickets.

As natural game preserves both Cuba and San Domingo have, in fact more than doubled their attractiveness since the time when the companions of Columbus explored the uplands of Santiago and marveled at the almost total absence of wild quadrupeds. Birds abounded, but there were no deer in the forests, no foxes, bears or badgers in the mountain cliffs. There were neither rabbits nor squirrels, the only indigenous animals being the huito, a burrowing rodent that seems to form a connecting link between the marmots and woodrats.—Indianapolis Press.

## He Wanted to Be Accurate.

During the bombardment of Alexandria, in 1882, Lord Charles Beresford asked a gunner if he could hit a man that was on the fort. The gunner replied:

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Then hit him in the eye," said Lord Charles.

And he was considerably astonished when the gunner replied:

"Which eye, sir?"—Chicago Journal.

## Unappreciated Vocalist.

Clara (an amateur vocalist)—If you had my voice, what would you do with it?

Maudie—I don't know, dear; but I believe I would give it a holiday till the man came round, then I would have it tuned.—Pearson's.

## What Did She Mean?

Slowboy—I am going to kiss you to-night when I go.

Miss Willing—Don't you think it time you were going?—Chicago Daily News.

## FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

## Summary of Leading Events.

Washington, April 19.—Senate—A joint resolution was passed providing for the administration of civil affairs in Porto Rico, pending the appointment of officers under the Porto Rico government law recently enacted. The Alaskan code bill was again under consideration, the debate continuing on the Hansbrough alien miners amendment.

House—The entire session was taken up debating a proposition in the naval bill designed to turn over to the navy the survey and charting of the waters of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. The bill carried an appropriation of \$100,000 for this purpose.

Washington, April 20.—Senate—The conference report on the Hawaiian civil government measure took up the greater time of the session. The Alaskan civil code bill was considered for a brief time, and Senator Foraker pronounced an eulogy on the late Lorenzo Danford, a representative from Ohio. Suitable resolutions were adopted.

House—The entire session was taken up in discussing the naval appropriation bill. But little progress was made.

Washington, April 21.—Senate—Resolutions were adopted calling upon the secretary of war for information as to the allowances made to army officers stationed in Cuba and Porto Rico and the sums expended in providing quarters, equipments and other conveniences for them. Consideration of the Quay case was resumed, and Mr. Perkins presented an argument favorable to Mr. Quay's claim to a seat in the senate under the governor's appointment.

House—The naval appropriation bill was passed. It provides for two battleships, three armored cruisers and three protected cruisers. The \$345 figure on armor was stricken out. Other bills passed were: Fixing the compensation of the United States commissioners in Chinese deportation cases; for a bridge over the Big Sandy river, Kentucky; for a bridge across the Tallahatchie river, Mississippi. Eulogies on the late Representative Evan E. Settle, of the Seventh Kentucky district, occupied the remainder of the session.

Washington, April 23.—Senate—The entire session was taken up discussing the right of M. S. Quay to a seat in the senate under the appointment of the governor of Pennsylvania.

House—The post office appropriation bill occupied the entire time of the session, general debate ending with adjournment.

Washington, April 24.—Senate—Hon. Matthew S. Quay was refused a seat in the United States senate on the appointment of the governor of Pennsylvania by a vote of 33 to 32. The entire time of the senate was devoted to debate upon the question, many of the greatest lawyers and orators in the body delivering speeches.

House—The Foraker emergency resolution to continue the present officers in Porto Rico in office until the appointments are made under the civil government act was adopted. About 20 pages of the post office appropriation bill were disposed of, the only substantial amendment adopted being one to give extra compensation to letter carriers who work in excess of 48 hours a week.

Washington, April 25.—Senate—After a brief debate the conference report on the Hawaiian civil government bill, the provisions relating to the right of franchise and imprisonment for debt having been amended to conform to the ideas of the senate, was agreed to. The agricultural appropriation bill was passed, carrying a little over \$3,000,000. The Alaskan civil government bill was under consideration for an hour, but no progress was made.

House—The entire session was devoted to the post office appropriation bill. By a vote of 87 to 50 the appropriation of \$725,000 for the pneumatic tube service in New York, Boston and Philadelphia was stricken out.

## FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Several Big Factories Burned, Entailing a Loss of Nearly Half a Million Dollars.

Philadelphia, April 26.—Fire which started on the top floor of J. W. McCausland's paper spool manufactory, at 227 Church street, spread to adjoining property, and before the flames had been gotten under control did damage to the extent of about \$350,000.

From the McCausland building, only the two upper floors of which were damaged, the fire spread to the nine-story brick building in the rear on Filbert street, used by John & James Dobson, manufacturers of carpet, as a warehouse for the storage of woollens and carpets. This building was formerly used as a sugar refinery, and all of the nine floors were thoroughly saturated with sugar and molasses, and the flames spread quickly to every floor. The Dobsons' loss will reach about \$200,000; McCausland's loss will be about \$25,000; Fisher, Bruce & Co., wholesale chinaware, and Fleming & Chapman, wholesale spool cotton, \$25,000.

## Coal Miners Return to Work.

Sharon, Pa., April 26.—The coal miners in the Grove City district who struck several weeks ago for an advance in wages of 9½ cents a ton for run of mine coal, have returned to work at the advance of 5 cents offered by the operators.

## Half Fare to Sioux Falls.

Denver, Col., April 26.—J. A. Edgerton, secretary of the national committee of the people's party, announces that all the railroads have conceded a half fare rate from all parts of the country to the national convention at Sioux Falls, S. D.

## Populists Instructed for Bryan.

Clay Center, Kan., April 26.—Kansas populists in state convention here elected 84 delegates to the national convention at Sioux Falls, and instructed them to vote solidly for Wm. J. Bryan.

## All She Asked.

"And you say you would die for me, George?"  
"Die for you? Yes, a thousand deaths."  
"You are a noble man, George."  
"My darling, you do not know me yet."  
"Well, dear, I do not wish you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."  
"What is it? Shall I pluck the stars from the cerulean dome? Shall I say to the sea—'Hail! cease to flow, for my love wills it!' Shall I tell you bright and inconstant moon, that is glistening with billows with her light that she must not shine on thy face too roughly?—hail!"  
"No, George, no," she smilingly said. "I do not wish you to attempt such impossibilities. All I ask of you is this—"  
"Yes?"  
"All I ask of you is this—don't call again."

## French by the Dictionary.

Nobody who may be thinking of stepping in peace at the Grand hotel, in Paris, should ask the maitre d'hotel about the American woman who spoke French with the aid of a dictionary. Although there was no need for it, as they all spoke English, she persisted in firing off Ollendorffian French at the waiters every moment. One sad-eyed knight of the apron came down one morning and asked for leave of absence and the maitre d'hotel himself went up to solve the mystery. After a violent tirade against the incivility of the garcon she declared that his French was so frayed out at the edges that he did not understand what "a bottle of embonpoint" was. And it took the manager 20 minutes to discover that she had intended to ask for stout. —Chicago Evening News.

## A Mother's Tears.

"I Would Cry Every Time I Washed My Baby."

"When he was 3 months old, first festers and then large boils broke out on my baby's neck. The sores spread down his back until it became a mass of raw flesh. When I washed and powdered him I would cry, realizing what pain he was in. His pitiful wailing was heart-rending. I had about given up hope of saving him when I was urged to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, all other treatment having failed. I washed the sores with Hood's Medicated Soap, applied Hood's Olive Ointment and gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. The child seemed to get better every day, and very soon the change was quite noticeable. The discharge grew less, inflammation went down, the skin took on a healthy color, and the raw flesh began to scale over and a thin skin formed as the scales dropped off. I used two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, aided by Hood's Medicated Soap and Hood's Olive Ointment, accomplished this wonderful cure. I cannot praise these medicines half enough." MRS. GUERINOT, 37 Myrtle St., Rochester, N. Y.

The above testimonial is very much condensed from Mrs. Guerinot's letter. As many mothers will be interested in reading the full letter, we will send it to anyone who sends request of us on a postal card. Mention this paper.

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